

HOGTIE

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Volume Two, Number Five

RETURN TO
THE
HOUSE OF
BONDAGE

PHOTO-STORIES
TO TURN ON A BITCH
A MAIDEN'S PRAYER
BOUND TO SWING
A NEW TWIST

SHEATHS
For The
Fun Of It
INCREDIBLE
LEATHER
BONDAGE

SALE
TO
MINORS
PROHIBITED

A PRACTICAL GAG
IN-DEPTH ARTICLE
ON THE USE OF
GAGS IN BONDAGE

HOGTIE

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BONDAGE FOR MUTUAL PLEASURE

The willing physical submission of one individual to another, symbolized and enforced by bondage, is a sophisticated expression of the sex drive and a legitimate stimulus to heightening mutual pleasure. This magazine does what it can to help our readers see that bondage, as erotic foreplay involving consenting adults, is a normal, healthy part of male-female relationships. Our stories and pictures try to reveal new techniques in this art and to demonstrate that the conspiracy of silence about it, enforced by our Puritan culture, can be broken through. (As we have continually stressed, this type of bondage is totally unrelated to the sadistic type in which a real victim suffers genuine torment at the hands of another. It is *mutual* pleasure that we recommend, not pleasure achieved at the expense of someone else.)

In addition, bondage can provide aesthetic satisfactions - particularly when it is enjoyed through pictures rather than direct participation. These satisfactions are to be found in both the design and the novelty of a well-executed job of restraint. Perhaps it is that we fully appreciate the marvelous flexibility of the human body only when the possibility of movement is severely curtailed. Perhaps the impression of snugness, conveyed by the artful use of heavy rope, plays a part in these satisfactions as well. Whatever the source, we know that our readers do enjoy the painstaking symmetry of high-quality bondage and the creativity embodied in a new method of restricting a willing subject. To the utmost of our ability, we dedicate this magazine to all the readers who share these interests.



BOUND TO SWING



TO TURN ON A BITCH



A NEW TWIST



HOUSE OF BONDAGE

HOGTIE

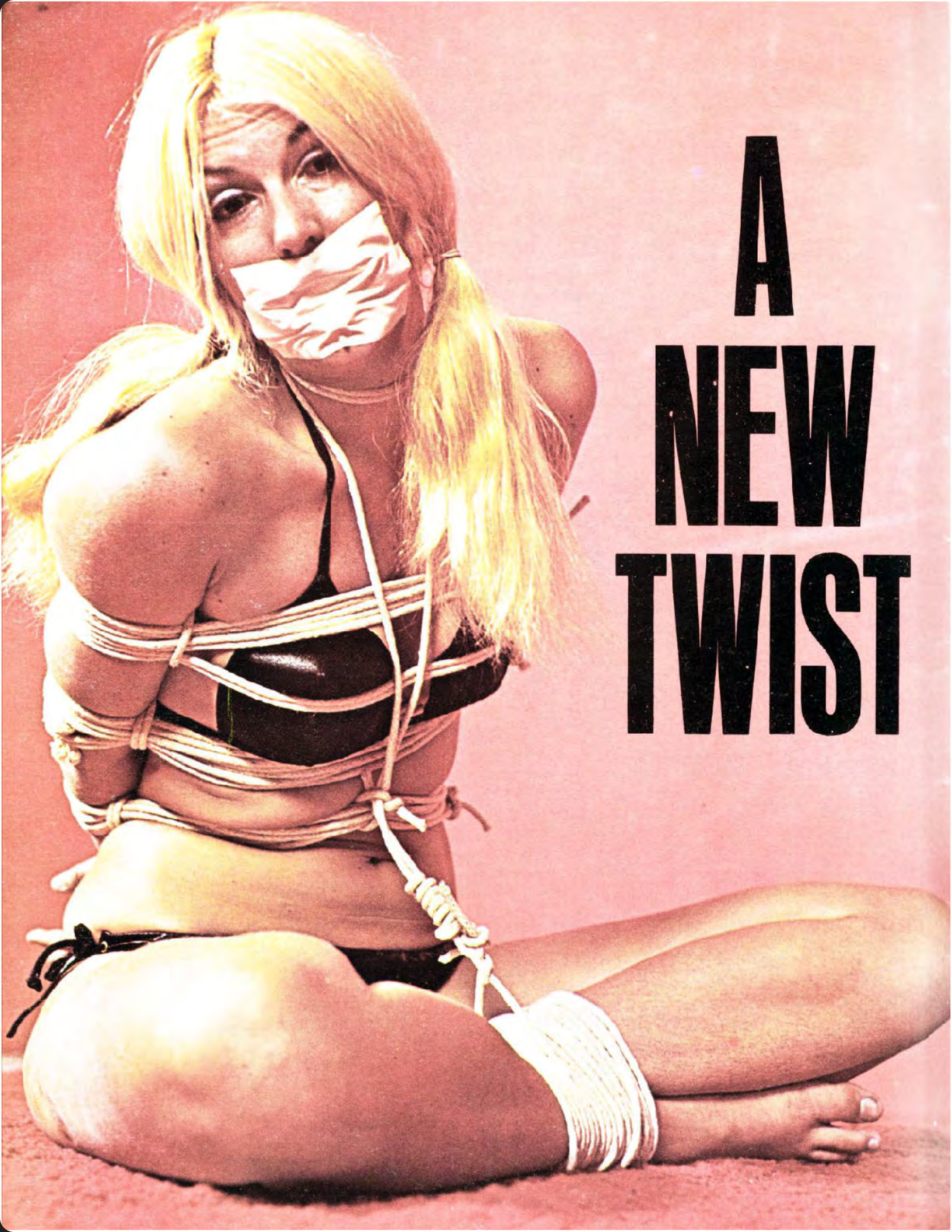
SPRING 1973

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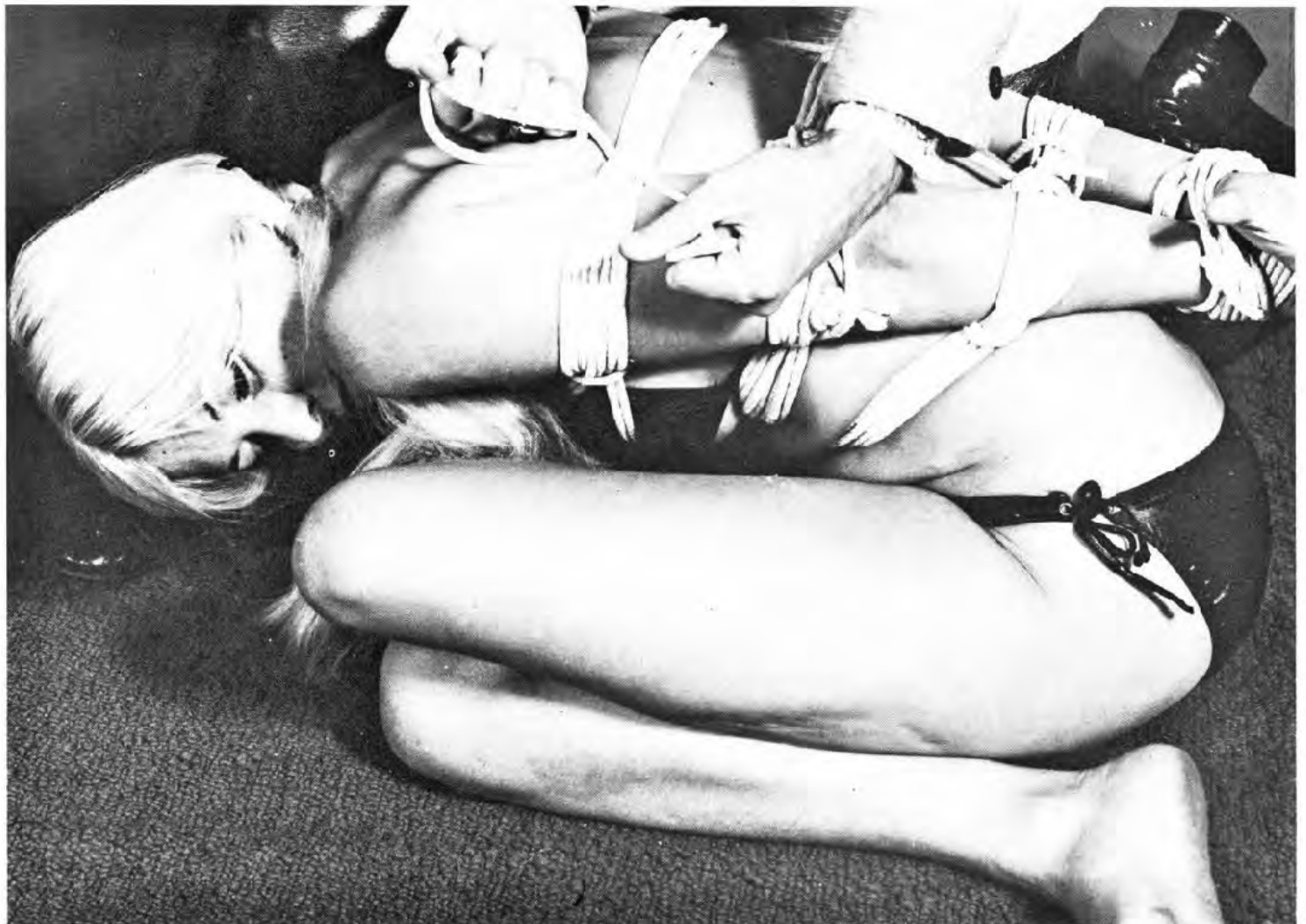
A MAIDEN'S PRAYER



A NEW TWIST



"After a couple months of dating my very dominating boyfriend, I've learned to accept a lot of discomfort in the bedroom and out. Don't misunderstand - I enjoy our games as much as he does, but I always wonder what he is going to do next."





"Tonight he marched me into the living room and commanded me to put on my latex bikini. Next I was ordered to sit in his favorite position while he began tying me into a neat little package. He ran his hands teasingly over my body. I blushed as he grabbed my face to insert the ball gag. He knew, as he always did, that teasing me would make me demand his cock. Tonight I was surprised to find the new twist was my being further degraded by being forced to service him with my mouth when my pussy pleaded for the privilege! Now I can plan on several more hours of intense frustration, bound and gagged, waiting until I can have my satisfaction!"











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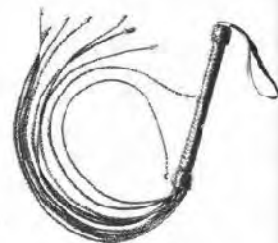
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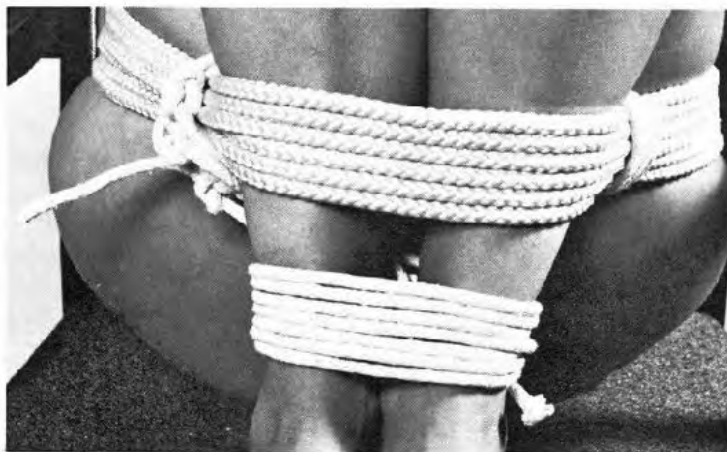
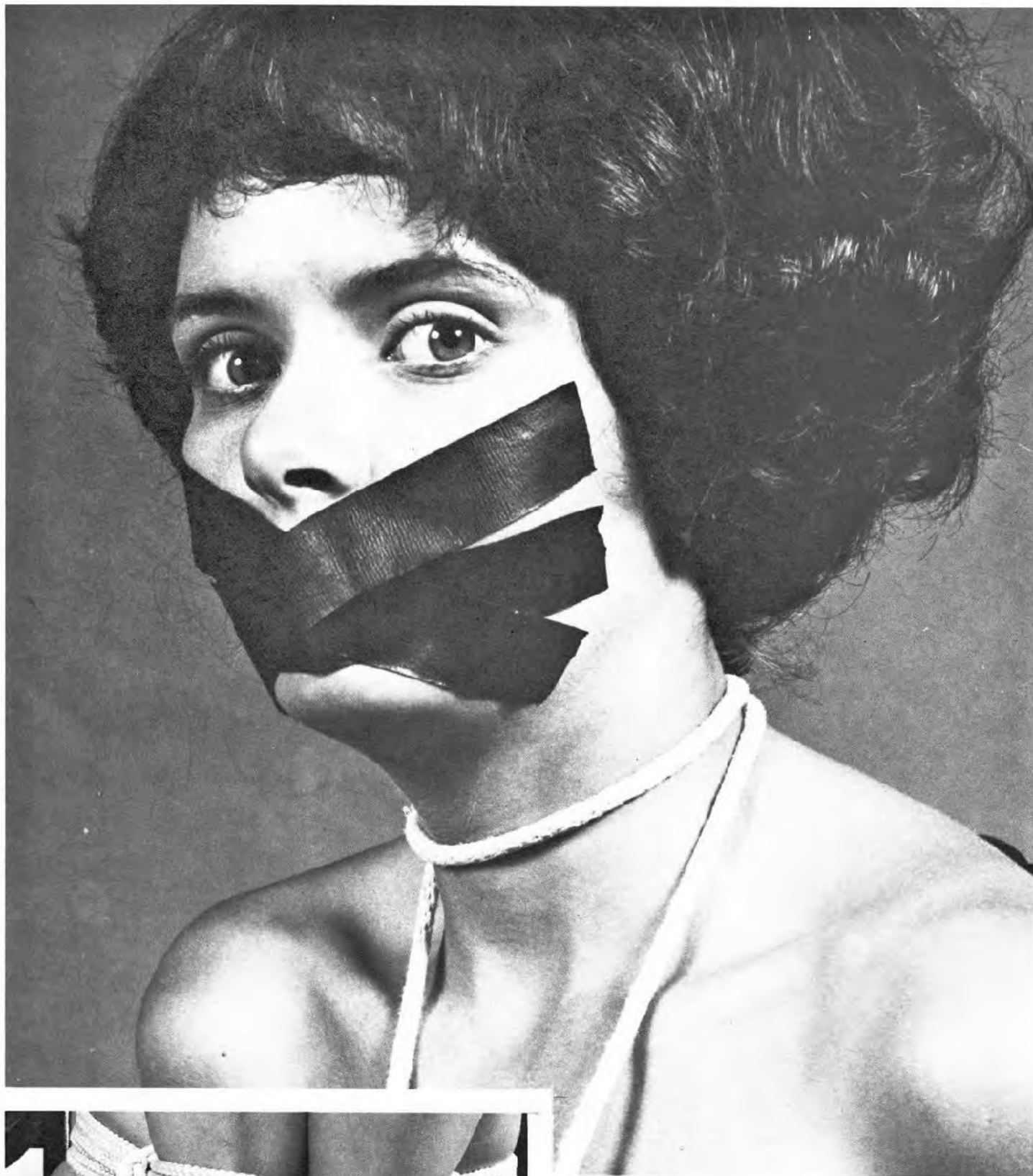


Tonight I have decided to allow you to set eyes upon a number of my prize possessions in the Crimson Sector. But before we begin I must be sure that you understand one thing perfectly. You may look, but at no time are you to allow yourself to lose control. You may never touch any of my slaves without first begging my permission. Each is finely tuned to my desires like a precision harp and any slight mistake could ruin a month's intensive care. If you disregard any of the posted orders this tour will be terminated.

DEN OF MALEVOLENCE

You'll notice that this first chamber has been titled "Den of Malevolence." This name is simply temporary. The room was recently converted from its previous use as an implement storeroom to help accommodate a new group of recruits. The name will undoubtedly change to fit the mood of the room as it develops.



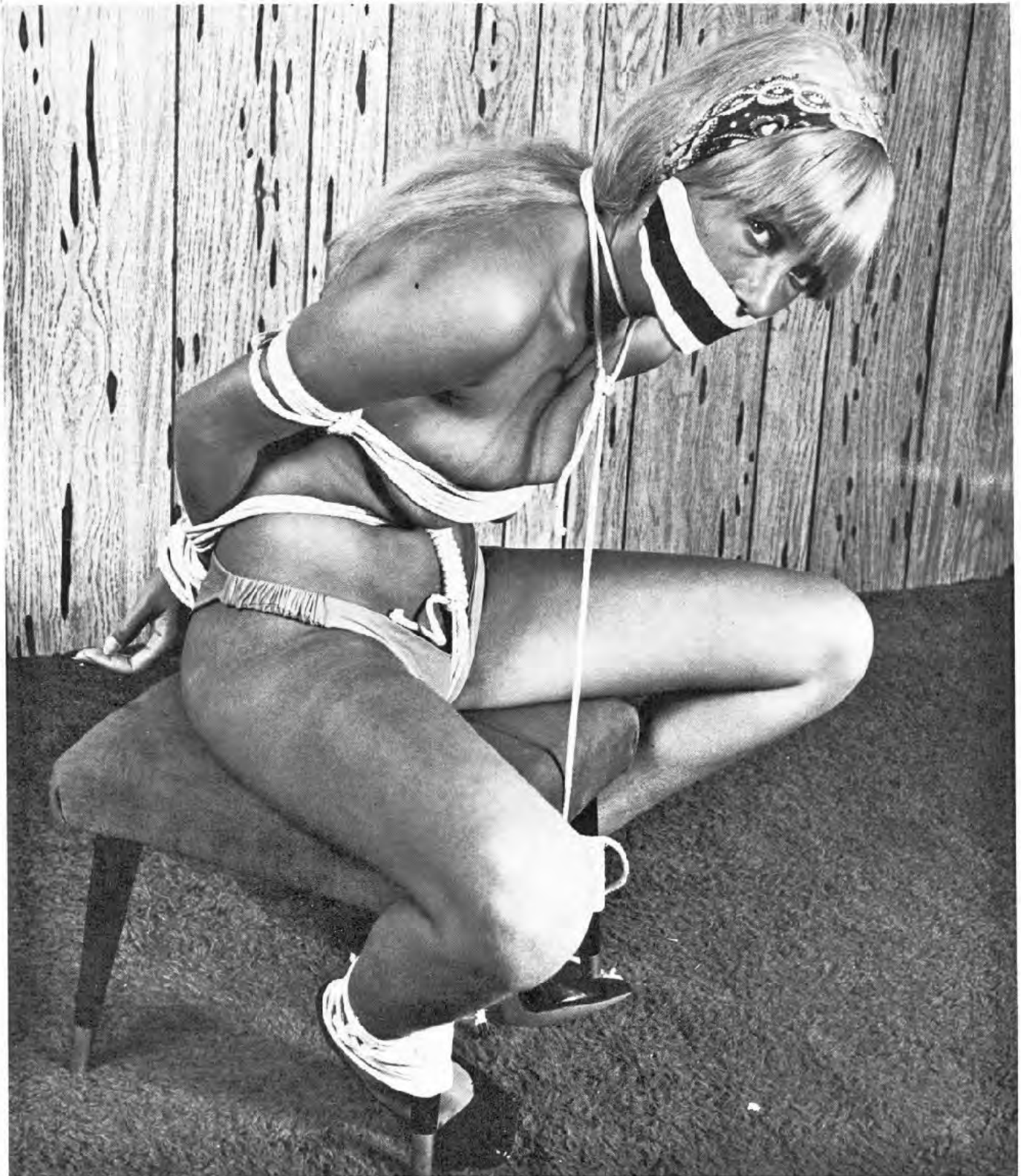


In actuality there are no malevolent thoughts or practices within these walls. I care deeply for all my slaves and they have come to trust completely that I am totally free of malice. At this time, Margo has complete use of the den. Being a relative newcomer to my domain Margo has not yet realized the true beauty of solitude. She still craves a certain amount of senseless social intercourse, so for her well being I have found it necessary to isolate her from all contact with triviality. It is not in her best interest to dwell here any longer so we shall move on to my next display.



SUITE OF SERENITY

This suite comprises one of my favorite areas within the entire castle. It is a peaceful, gentle quarter with no negative vibrations to disturb the reigning tranquility. I come here often when my affairs and responsibilities begin to weigh too heavily upon me.





This is my retreat, my refuge from the insurmountable pressures one can encounter while administering a castle such as this. Naturally, this is where I keep one of my favorite and sedative slaves. Clarice came to me several years ago following her graduation from a famous sensitivity school near Big Sur. She is an expert in the art of pure pleasure, able to free me completely from my worldly problems. Her entire body is devoted to my pleasure. Of course, she does require a certain amount of stimulation to maintain her art at its high-quality level. My experience has taught me that there is rarely any greater erotic stimulant than a set of ropes biting deeply into her soft, fully exposed flesh.



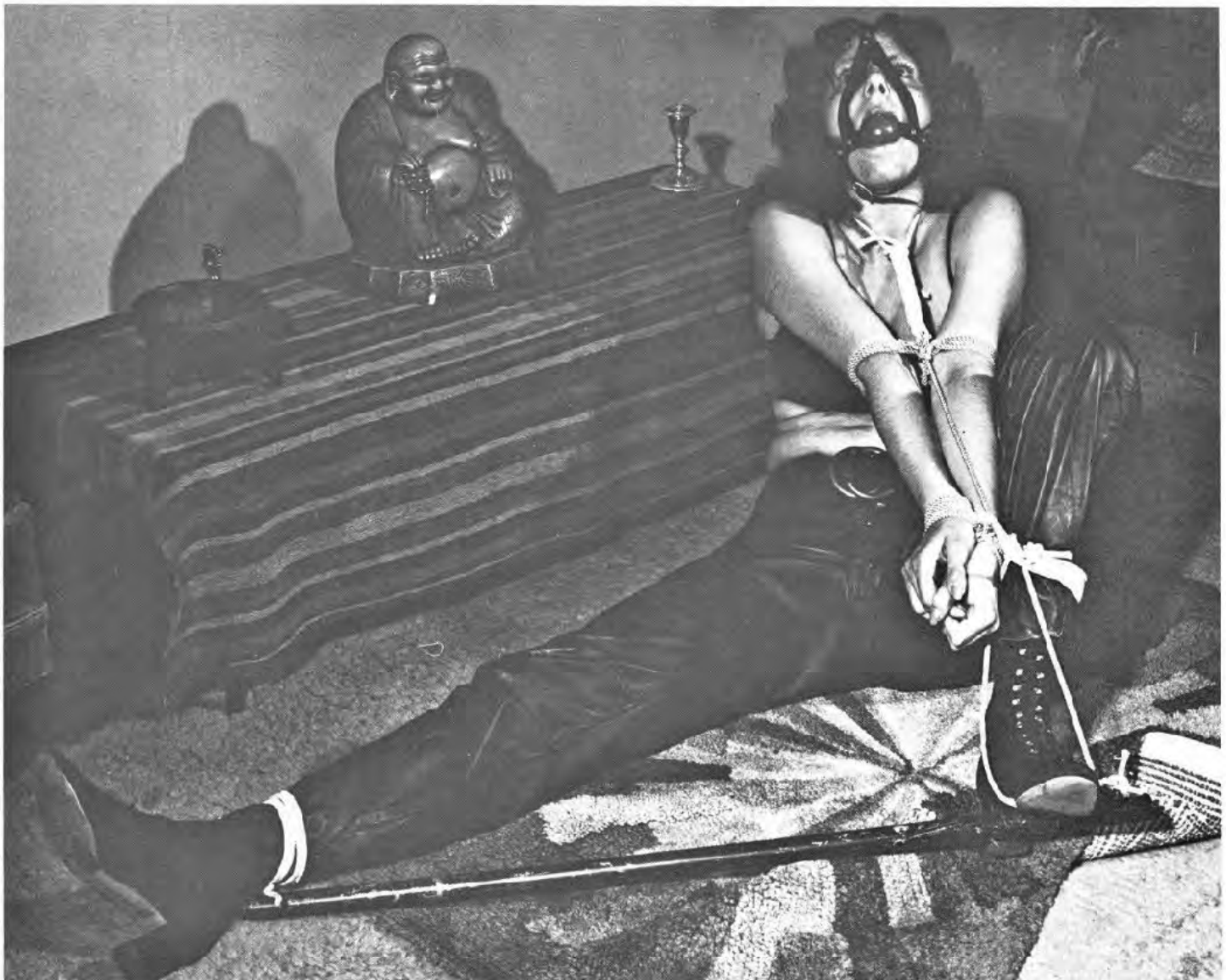
CLOISTER OF NEMESIS

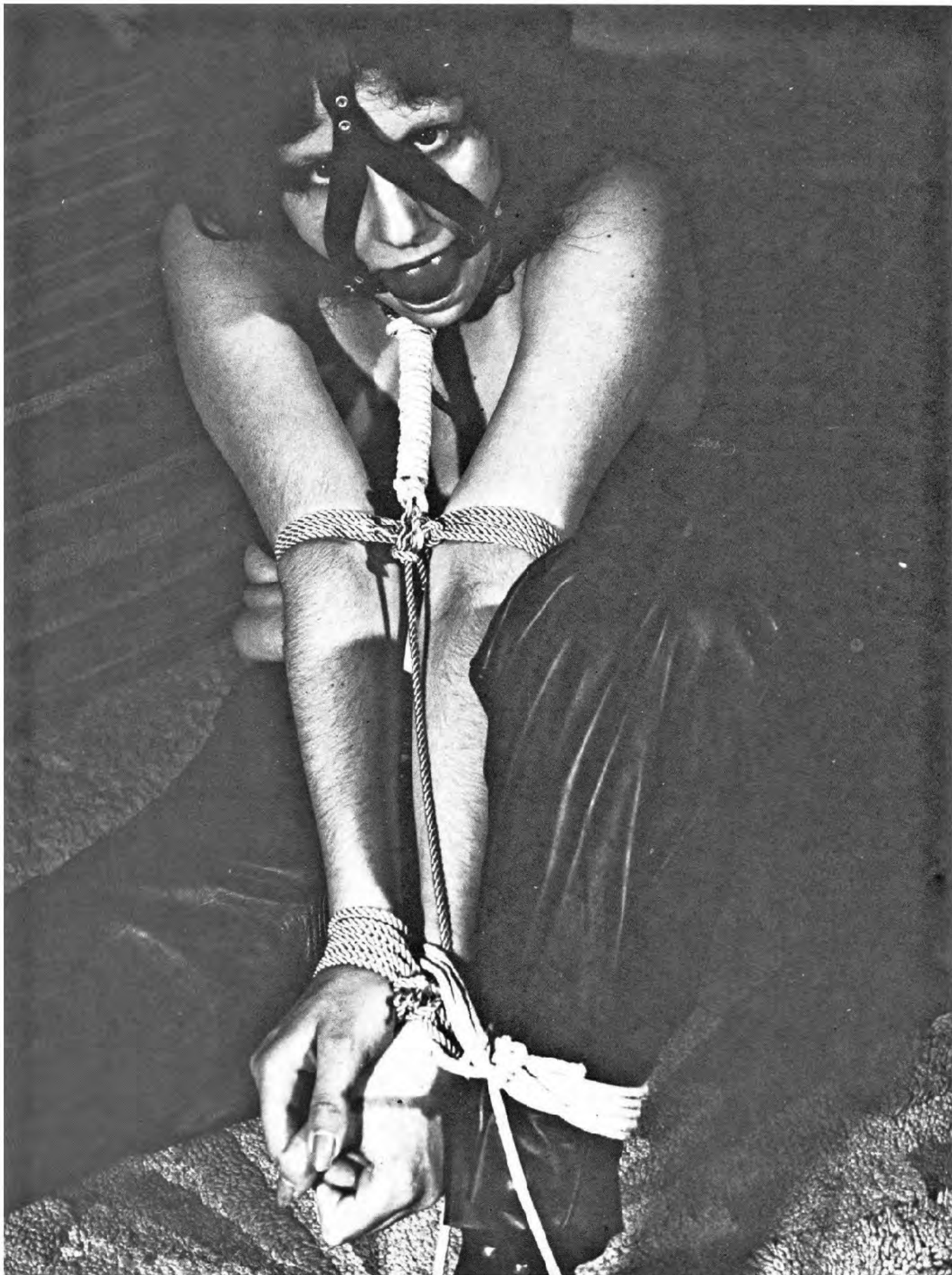
Since Adeline received her promotion several months past and was delegated to this historic chamber, which traditionally was claimed as the meditation crib of the ranking executioner, this inner sanctum has taken on a heightened spiritual exuberance.





Adeline is a highly religious individual, not in the current organizational sense, but in the classic vein: devout, spiritually elated. I respect this and, therefore, I allow her a certain degree of latitude in her thoughts. Naturally, this does make room for a degree of difficulty. In effect, Adeline has an unusually sharp tongue so I must keep her gagged at all times when her mouth is not being used for her basic needs or my pleasure. She claims that the pain and suffering she demands are an offering to help elevate her to her ultimate spiritual nirvana, but the sounds of delight you can hear coming from behind her ball-gag are an obvious indication that she has already found her nirvana right here.





ABODE of the MARQUIS

Once upon a time an infamous Marquis resided in this very room. An aura of terror still taints the walls and the air.

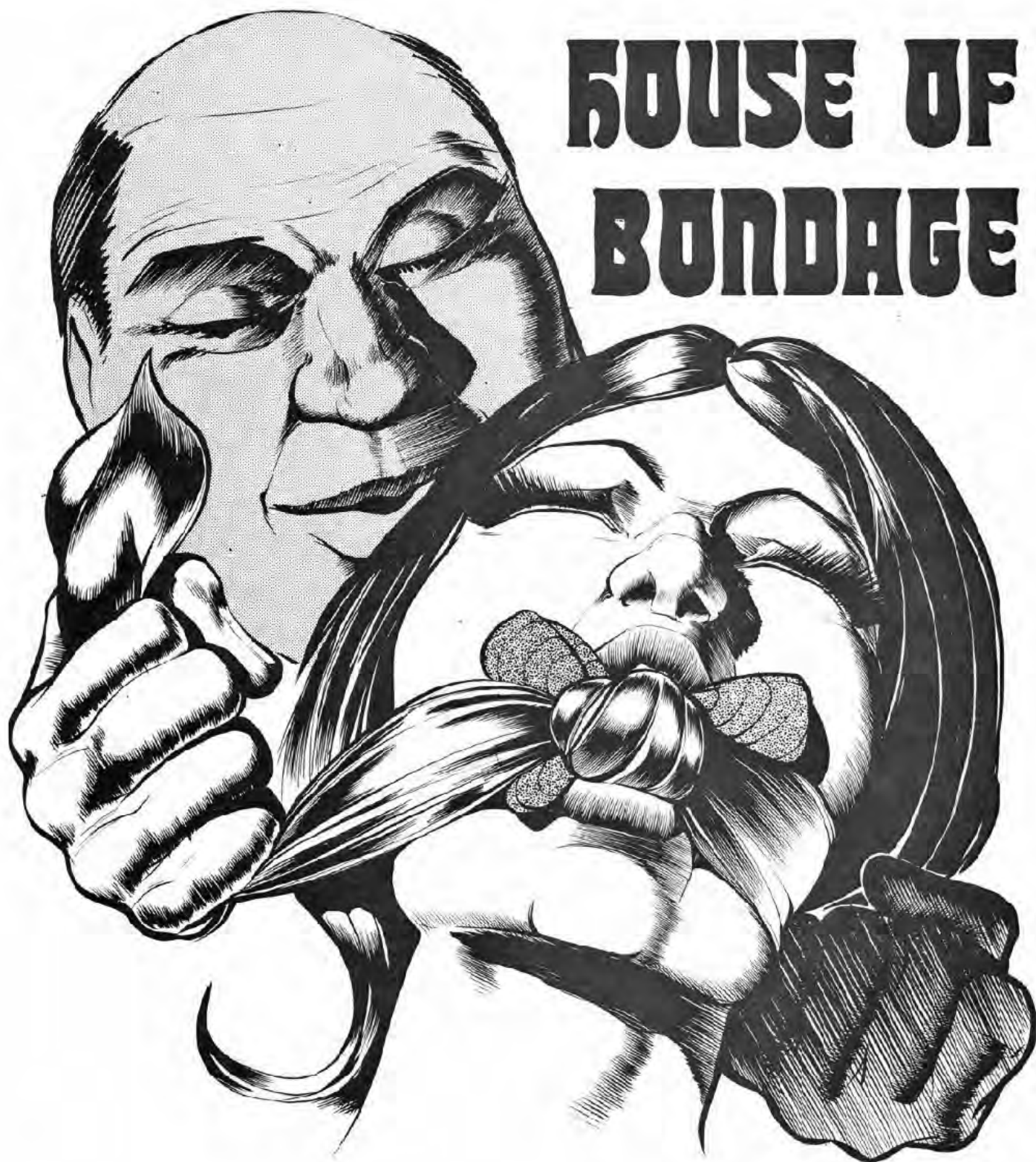


It took my faithful slaves several days of difficult labor to remove the stains left by him and his hideous pursuits when I decided to put this dungeon back into service. Only the finest and most obedient of my slaves are allowed the ecstasy of breathing the air here. Juliette has the use of this Chamber at present. I find it ironic that a girl by the same name was the favorite of the good Marquis himself. She has just been administered her mineral oil enema in preparation for this evening's penetration. We both find this activity extremely stimulating.





HOUSE OF BONDAGE



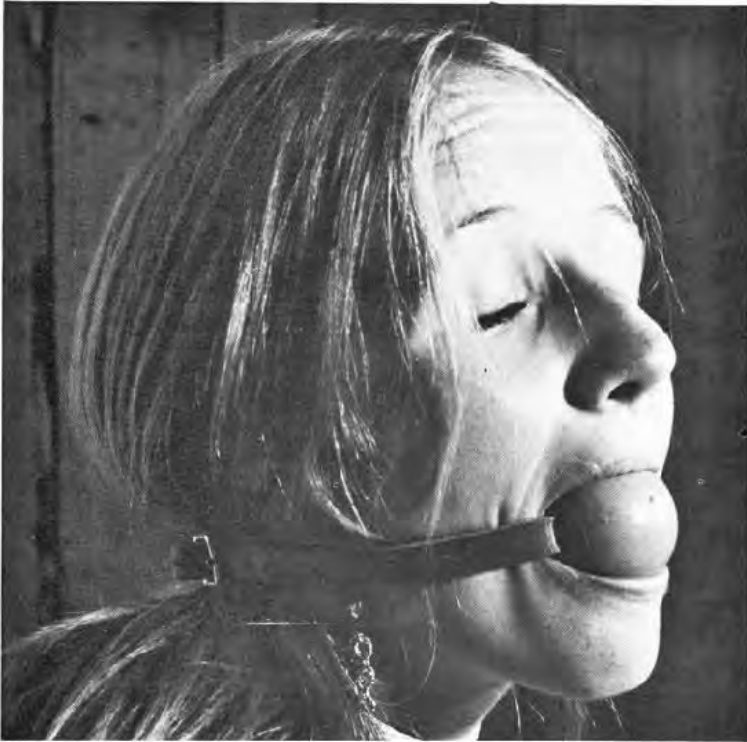
It is getting late and I have much to attend to, but before you leave, there is something that I must explain. I rule a vast domain wherein dwell nearly five score slaves. Almost all of these are beautiful docile creatures who want nothing more of life than to give me pleasure. Little do they suspect that in fact it is really I who am the slave. I must care for them and lavish upon them much care and attention. They must be fed, and the implements of ecstatic agonies must be kept in good working order. Without this care and attention their beautiful souls would surely wither. If they were to be abandoned, they would certainly perish, since they no longer have a will of their own. So you see, my friends, why inspite of the fact that I rule this magnificent palace, I shall forever be a slave to the needs of my loved ones. Thank you all for coming. Estrelle will show you out. GOOD EVENING.

CHAMBER OF REBIRTH

Crystal's life had been nearly total waste before she came to me. After her marriage had ended in failure she became addicted to harmful drugs, nearly taking her own life. A mutual friend suggested she look to me for help. Estelle discovered her huddling near my drawbridge early one morning, exhibiting early signs of withdrawal.



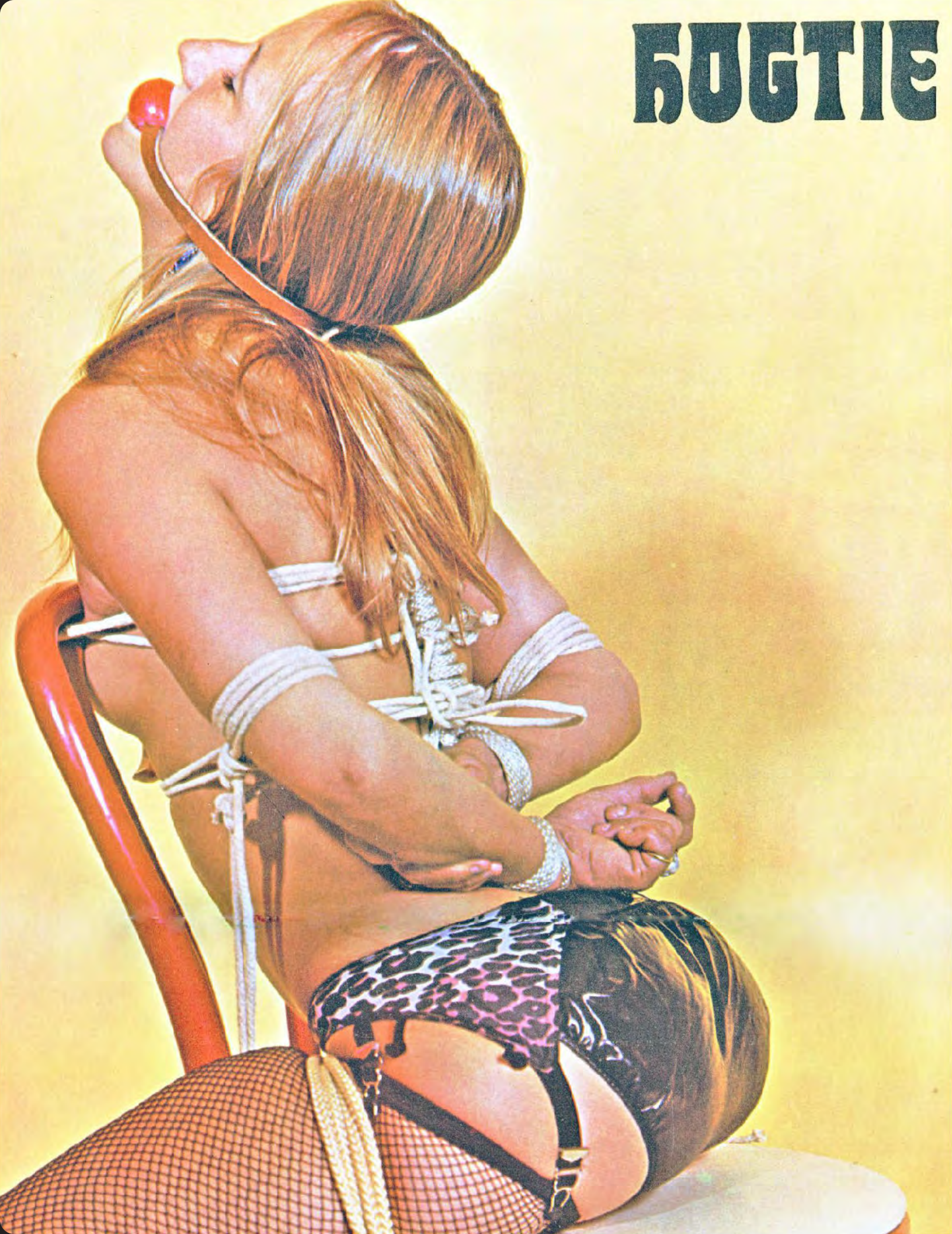




I immediately ordered that she be taken to this chamber where she has since remained. I don't claim to say that her withdrawal from narcotic addiction was simple or painless, it never is, but my special transference made it a great deal easier than one might expect. By replacing her demand for dangerous drugs with a comparable demand for healthy, stimulating bondage, I have given her the opportunity to live a full and happy life. But most important I have given her something to live for - a new zest, so to speak. Whenever she is allowed to speak she never fails to mention how thrilled she is to be a member of my select family.



HUGTIE



BOGTIE

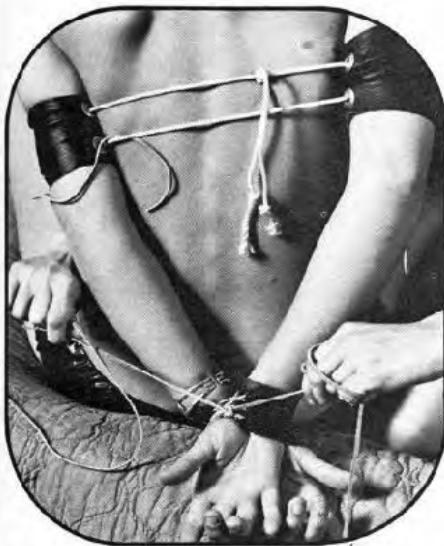


Bound to Swing

When Kate and Wendy discovered that they could give each other mutual pleasure it was a shock to both of them. It happened quite by accident at a swingers party where they were both too excited and too drunk not to go along with what the group wanted. Since their big discovery they visit each other frequently, trying out new ways to turn each other on. Tonight Kate brought some borrowed paraphernalia with her. "I'm going to show you some new tricks," she explained to Wendy as she unpacked her bag.

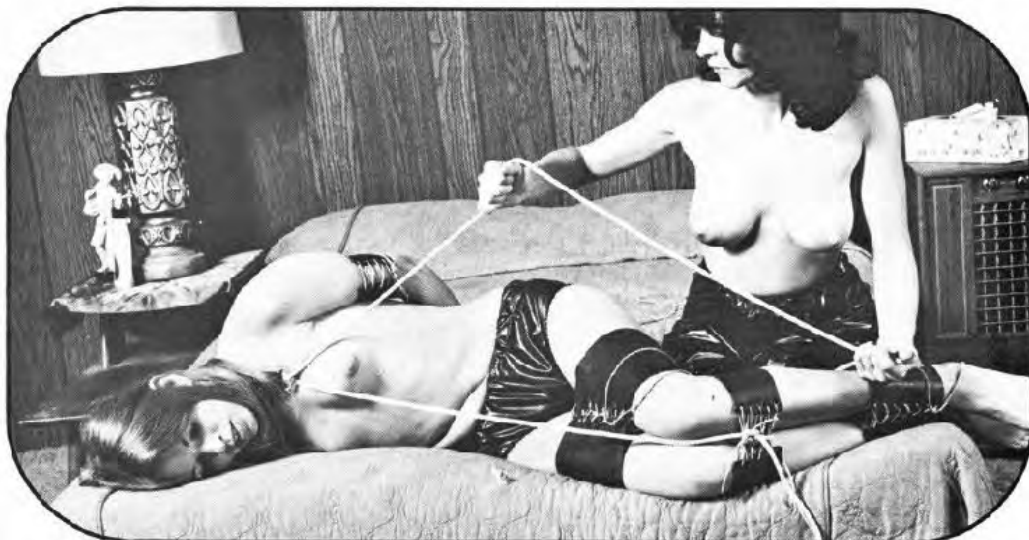






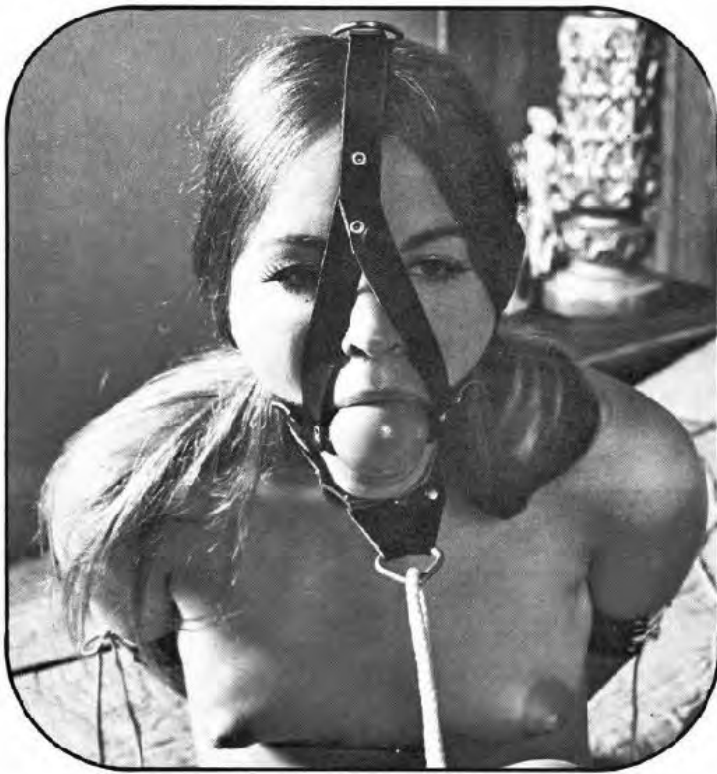
Slowly she inserted a small vibrator in Wendy's pleading cunt, then slid a pair of soft black latex panties up her long smooth legs. Kate pulled Wendy into an upright position on the bed then pushed her arms back. "That little thing in your cunt is going to drive you crazy now!"





Wendy moaned passionately as Kate's skilled hands turned her into a helpless mound of uncontrollable desire. She writhed and whimpered in frustration as Kate began to stroke her latex covered, vibrating pussy. She had to get fucked or she would go crazy, she was sure, but Kate simply went on teasing and tying until the helpless pledge was squirming and grunting frantically, begging for satisfaction.





Kate's hand rubbed tormentingly against Wendy's desperate cunt, and she taunted, "Mmm, I bet that feels good . . . almost as good as a big, hard cock would feel. Come now, darling . . . come . . . let's see you come . . . come, Wendy . . . come . . . come ---" Her hand clamped on the younger girl's pussy and squeezed tightly and she came!





SHEATHS

**FOR
THE
FUN
OF
IT!**



One of my husband's more strenuous diversions (for me, that is!) involves putting me into a full set of doubling-sheaths and then taunting me as I struggle to obey his orders. A "sheath session," as Mark calls it, is quite exhausting—but the delicious humiliation is so exciting that I never object when he tells me to get ready for one.

To begin, I must strip completely and put on my heavy leather corselet. Mark cinches it in until I am literally gasping for breath and my breasts, which are quite full and firm anyway, jut out scandalously above it. Then he anchors my rivet-studded bodystrap to the corselet, buckling it tightly so there is continual irritation and pressure on my pleasure-mound and up between the soft globes of my derriere.

A pair of fist-mitts—padded leather bags that squeeze my hands into hard-clenched fists and are fastened to my wrist-cuffs—comes next. Finally, I am ready for him to put my sheaths on me.

They are made of heavy black leather, designed especially to my measurements, and they hold each arm and leg sharply doubled within their unyielding embrace. Each arm-sheath slips up over an elbow, reaching to the armpit, and after Mark tightens the laces and straps my forearm is pressed against my biceps and my mitt hand is jammed against my shoulder. After both are securely in place, I am like a chicken with clipped wings—I can move my strangely shortened arms freely but they are virtually useless.

INTENSE CONSTRICTION

Then Mark makes me lie down so he can put on my leg-sheaths. I bend each leg and hold my thighs apart so he can slide the sheaths down over them. They reach down to my groin and are tightened the same way as the arm-sheaths. Before he is satisfied, each calf is squashed hard against the back of a thigh and my heels are digging harshly into my tender buttocks. I moan with pleasure at the intense constriction.

Looking down, I can see my leg muscles tense beneath the glossy leather as I test the sheaths. There is, of course, no escape. I smile at the thought of the sexy torments that await me.

Once I am ready, he orders me to roll over onto my face for some limbering-up poses. This is a bit difficult, given my bizarre bondage, but I manage to obey. Already the sensation of mortifying clumsiness begins to excite me.

UNYIELDING EMBRACE

The sheaths are padded at the knees and elbows to prevent bruises, and are also equipped with D-rings. My husband uses those at the insides of my knees to fasten a two-foot spreader bar between them, stretching my thighs wide apart, and then straps my leather-bound elbows together in the center of my back. This is already a strenuous position, but he soon makes it worse by fixing a strap from my elbows to the center of the spreader bar and tightening it until my body is arched in an excruciating bow.

He chuckles at my obvious discomfort, and then adds to it by rocking me back and forth on my out-arched belly. He also fondles my breasts, which are raised well off the rug, until I am moaning under the erotic torment. But he knows I can't take this too long, especially in the beginning, and releases me in ten minutes or so.

I lie panting after my elbows have been freed, partly from relief and partly from arousal, even though my thighs are still spread drastically apart. My husband allows me only a brief rest, though, before he orders me to assume a crawling position.

Even with my knees astraddle, my fanny is still higher than my head because my upper arms are so much

shorter than my thighs. This means I must hold my head back as far as possible if I am to see anything that lies ahead of me. The elbows-and-knees position is not only clumsy, it is also delightfully humiliating because my crotch is so vulnerable and my breasts swing free beneath me.

Then I must crawl around the playroom three times. This is not painful, but it is ludicrously slow. My husband tells me I move like a crippled turtle, and I wriggle happily in shameless agreement. With my legs so rigidly spread, I must swing my hips vigorously with every "step" to achieve any forward movement. This of course requires extra effort and also requires some real skill on my part, since too much energy in swinging a knee forward can throw me off-balance (and my doubled arms are not much good for quick recoveries).

He sits down to watch me struggle through my assignment, teasing me about my clumsiness and chortling whenever I fall down. Huffing and puffing, I finally complete the three circuits of the room and crawl laboriously to his chair. He scolds me for my slowness and orders me to sit up.

QUAKING ANXIETY

This is easy: I simply fall back to a kneeling position. But then he secures my elbows behind me once more and I am almost totally helpless. With my shoulders drawn back so severely, I can barely move my torso at all. My breasts are stretched across my ribs, tautly rounded, and my sensitive nipples stand out invitingly.

Smiling, my tormentor leans forward to cup my bosoms in his hands, gauging their velvety resiliency and skillfully arousing them. He knows how to stimulate them in a thousand ways—tickling, scratching, squeezing, stroking, tweaking, flicking, kneading, pinching, rubbing, poking!—and soon I am gasping with excitement. My nipples swell and harden, becoming thick as walnuts, and they itch with a burning need for more caresses. I squeeze my eyes shut and moan hoarsely as his hands continue the erotic torment.

But I know what is to come next, and it tinges my passion with quaking anxiety. It is impossible for me to ignore the tantalizing pleasure of the moment, even though I know that he is not doing this just for my benefit. As soon as he decides that my nipples are sufficiently erect and distended, he brings out a pair of the dreaded nipple-clamps and dangles them tauntingly before me. These are hollow aluminum cones that have a constricting rubber ring inside the base. After one of these hideous devices has been set snugly over a nipple thickened with excitement, he can tighten the rubber ring with a key until it cannot possibly be pulled off.

Before I have cooled off from my arousal, he has fixed the aluminum cones securely in place over my throbbing nipples. Each one has a small ring set at the tip so a girl's master can fasten a leash, or reins, or anything he selects directly to her tender breasts. I look down with

a mixture of pride and dread at the silvery objects, knowing how thoroughly they confirm my subjugation.

While my husband has never intentionally employed the nipple-clamps simply to induce pain, we have had one or two accidents that proved just how agonizing they can be. Right now they are no more painful than a too-tight bra, but my pleasure in being dominated is heightened by the knowledge that my submissiveness can be cruelly enforced whenever necessary. Wearing the clamps is certainly exciting—and it is also a good reason to be both very cautious and **very** obedient.

He reaches out to snap the twin ends of a forked leash to my quivering breasts. I grit my teeth as he swings the leash around gently like a jump-rope, but it doesn't really hurt. I smile to myself: just knowing that I am to be controlled in this manner is enough to make me swoon with shameless pleasure.

Then he releases my elbows and removes the spreader bar from between my knees. I sigh with relief and swing my sheathed arms around briskly to get the muscles loose again. My hip joints and thigh muscles ache from the strain they have been under, but after a few minutes they feel fine and I am anxious for my husband's next orders.

NIPPLE CLAMPS

He tells me that I will practice waddling for a while. Instead of crawling, I will have to balance on the balls of my bare feet and actually waddle duck-like wherever he leads me. This is an exceedingly difficult way to get about, even with my sheathed arms free to help keep my balance, but I can't argue with the leash.

The first time I try it, naturally, I tip over backwards and land with a thud. But he tugs softly at my leash and I hasten to try it again. This involves rolling onto one side, drawing my knees up against my breasts, and then shoving on over into a kneeling position so I can try to "stand up" once more. After two more falls I finally succeed, and manage to remain squatting only by vigorously waving my arms and knees about to help keep my balance, but I can't argue with the leash.

SHAMELESS PLEASURE

With your ankles bound so tightly to your upper thighs, you have to swing your hips around energetically with each step—and then you move forward only two or three inches. The secret is to keep moving, for once you get the rhythm going it is easier to maintain your balance. I have the breast-leash to encourage me, of course, and soon my husband has me waddling along like Daisy Duck herself.

A fall simply means that I must get back into position as quickly as I can. My husband is patient but firm about it all and after a while I have mastered the art of waddling to the point where I can follow him anywhere. But it is such an exhausting form of locomotion that my physical arousal dies down and I begin to wonder why I'm being forced into such a tiring activity.

Soon, however, he lets me halt and rest in a kneeling position. While I am catching my breath, he will begin to excite me again—this time with his words. He stands

above me, swinging my leash gently to remind me to answer promptly, and asks me questions.

"Are you a slave?" "Yes, Master."

"Are you helpless in your bondage?" "Yes, Master."

"It is exciting to know that I can do **anything** to your body?" "Oh, yes, Master!"

"Tell me about your bodystrap." "It cuts up into my pussy, Master . . . it is nice and tight, like an iron bar pressing in between my asscheeks and teasing my love-lips."

"And your breasts?" "The clamps make my nipples itch with passion, Master. My breasts ache for your strong fingers . . . the leash tells me that I am completely under your control."

FRENZY OF DESIRE

The conversation goes on until I am writhing with excitement. I lust after the growing bulge in his trousers and twist my body in a frenzy of desire. But my husband has no intention of ending the sheath session so quickly, and again he frustrates my passions with an order to assume the crawling position once more.

"Let's see how quickly you can get upstairs," he says. I grimace at the prospect, for climbing the stairs in this bondage is nothing but hard work. However, I can't ignore his command so I obediently head for the stairway.

"Whoa, dummy!" he growls. "Look out for your leash." Sure enough, he has dropped the end of it and it is trailing back between my knees on the floor. If I were to put one knee on it and then move forward, it would give me a painful jerk at my breasts. "Pick it up in your mouth so you won't step on it."

Blushing with chagrin, I crawl backwards clumsily until the end of the leash drags on the floor beneath my head and then duck down to seize it between my teeth. Somehow, I enjoy the humiliation of having to gnaw at the rug in order to get a good bite on the leash. With it hanging foolishly from my mouth, I head for the stairs at a good clip since my knees are no longer hampered by the spreader bar.

Fortunately, the stairs are wide and carpeted. I get both elbows up to the second step and then swing my right knee wide to get it up onto the first step. Levering myself upward with my elbows, I manage to get the left knee up too, and then work my elbows higher in order to repeat the process. My husband makes sarcastic comments about my speed and agility, and threatens to take a lash to my wide-open crotch if I don't move faster. I am straining as hard as I can already, but his words spur me to greater effort and at last I am at the top of the stairs.

SEXY TORMENTS

My arms and legs tingle with weariness, but I am given no rest. He takes the end of the leash from my mouth and leads me to the living room where, I assume, he has some more fun and games for me.

Shuddering with exhaustion, I find I am correct. He grins at me and announces a game of fetch-the-ball. To make this more interesting, he tells me to sit up so he can remove my breast-leash and instead fasten some tiny bells to my nipple-clamps that jingle with ridiculous gaiety. A high, suede-lined iron collar locks about my throat to provide anchorage for a different leash, and then he tosses a rubber ball to the other end of the room and orders me to "Fetch!"

The ball bounds around crazily while I am crawling after it, and finally comes to rest beneath an end-table. The only way I can get it is to lie flat on my stomach and

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worm my way under the table. This at least muffles the silly bells on my breasts, but it is hellishly difficult to capture the ball. The thing is just a bit too big for me to grasp easily in my mouth, so I am forced to press my open jaws down over it until it pops inside them—and then I am quite effectively gagged as I work my way back to a crawling position and return it to my husband.

"Drop it!" he orders, as though he were talking to a dog. I can't get it out of my mouth, though, and have to whine pathetically before he will do the job for me. Unfortunately, this reminds him of a gag. He orders me to sit up while he gets one. I voice my dislike of this idea, but it only makes him select a more uncomfortable gag.

He comes back with a special tongue-clamp and holds it up for my reluctant inspection. It is like a pear-gag, but made of hard rubber with a special groove between its hinged halves. My tongue fits into this when it is inserted into my mouth, and is trapped securely when the two halves close as the head-straps are tightened. The straps go beneath my chin and over my head as well as around it, so that when they are securely buckled I am not only utterly silenced but it feels as though my head is in a giant vise.

RELUCTANT INSPECTION

Once the horrid thing is in place, I feel twice as helpless as before. Now I can only hum or grunt my feelings, and can't really communicate at all. Worse, he is getting more excited himself and may try things that are **really** too much for me—and I can't let him know. I twist my head frantically to warn him of my fears, but he only laughs.

Then he orders me to the elbows-and-knees position again and proceeds to fasten a strap from the top of my head-harness to the back of my corselet, pulling my head back until I am staring straight ahead of me. Confirming my fears, he announces that I am to be his "wheelbarrow." He steps behind me, grabs one knee in each arm, and leaves me resting my entire weight on my elbows. He pushes forward so that I must "walk" along on my poor, doubled arms, and in this fashion he forces me into the bedroom at the far end of the hall.

Although my body throbs with the strain, I can sense that the evening's climax is near. After we are in the bedroom, he lets my legs down and tells me to sit up. With my headstrap still in place, I am forced to stare up at the ceiling for an uncomfortable moment before he removes it. And then I am surprised when he also removes my nipple-clamps. I raise my eyebrows in question,

UNCOMFORTABLE MOMENT

He says nothing, but squats before me and begins to tease and fondle my heaving breasts. He soon has them excited to exquisite sensitivity once more as his expert fingers manipulate my burning nipples to bursting hardness. Then he begins to whisper to me how lovely and desirable I am in my bondage. I writhe passionately in response and hum loudly through my nostrils as my desires mount even higher.

But **then** he says that I must climb up onto our bed by myself if I want him to make love to me! This is almost the ultimate in cruelty, but I am so worked up by now that I am frantic to obey him. Almost sobbing with eagerness, I crawl eagerly over to the bed. Close to it, I sit back on my haunches and rest my elbows on the top of the bed. Then I raise myself to my knees, shove my torso farther onto the bed, and try desperately to get one knee up.

The task is almost impossible . . . I slip off and fall several times, moaning continually through my gag . . .

but at last I manage to get my upper body far enough onto the bed so I can at last swing one thigh up over the edge and then the other.

Panting with anticipation, I lie face-down for a moment. Hastily, my husband strips and then helps me roll over onto my back in the center of the bed. But then I groan piteously in frustration as I see that he has yet more straps for me. My pleading moans have no effect as he fastens my elbows together in front of me and pulls them up so that my head is clamped between my upper arms. A strap to the head of the bed holds them there, and more straps from my knees pull my thighs wide apart.

PLEADING MOANS

Perhaps he will take me like this. I am arching and bucking under the lash of physical desire, certain that he will satisfy my commanding needs in a moment. But after he unfastens my bodystrap I am horrified to discover that he has no intention of penetrating me right away.

Instead, I give a nasal shriek of despair as he dangles a tube of itching ointment teasingly above my face. I strain helplessly against my bonds as he slowly smears the terrible salve over my throbbing breasts and between my widespread thighs. Then I seem to go out of my mind . . . the hideous burning itch of the salve sets my bosoms afire and turns my pussy into a spasming nest of passion-flames. I arch my body desperately under the maddening stimulus and hear my moans become a continuous, high-pitched hum.

He chuckles hungrily at my distress and then sets to work with his mouth and fingers to increase my excruciating agony still more. His tongue tantalizes my rigid nipples while his devilish fingers thrust and tickle at my passion-mound until I feel my cunt writhing with a demanding life of its own. My hips thrust fiercely against his elusive touch while my thighs quiver with need.

MADDENING STIMULUS

After the fires within me are white-hot and every part of my bonded body seems merely an extension of my twitching love-tunnel, he mounts me at last. As soon as I feel that marvelous engine of flesh ram into me, I stiffen utterly. A golden, whirling, thudding, gasping climax engulfs me immediately and I know it will last forever.

I am brutally invaded, savagely battered, and every second of my endless triumph is precious beyond measure. My husband wrings every drop of pleasure from my shuddering body and I give it willingly, rolling my hips to squeeze still more joy into our coupling and seeking greedily for even more. Images of my own helplessness and humiliation flicker through my mind to enhance my pleasure while he hammers more rapidly at my loins.

At last, his "AAHHH . . ." of pleasure signals that he has joined me in the high stratosphere of total climax and together we shudder in the ultimate ecstasy.

After what seems an eternity in this throbbing, thundering heaven, Mark slowly withdraws. My body gradually relaxes, even though the dear itching in my loins and breasts reminds me that my passions will require further quenching before the night is over. I stretch, tensing my muscles against the commanding embrace of my wonderful sheaths, and moan my contentment with this stringent bondage.

I open my eyes to look at my husband as he dresses. Dominance shines in his eyes. I give a wriggle of silent appreciation as I note the stern expression on his face. Already, he is planning something new for me.

I nod vigorously when he murmurs, "More?"



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PERSONAL ADS



No. 3719F, NY: My Master left me just hanging around waiting for couples, and others who dig bondage and discipline to write to me. He loves to humiliate me, and we will answer all who write. Please hurry, my arms hurt. He is a pilot and will fly me to meetings with others. See Photo.

No. 3584M, INDIANA: Train me, please! Submissive, docile male, handsome, 22, 6'1", 170 lbs., seeks masterful, imaginative female dominant(s) to discipline and command me. Eager subject for B&D - S&M. Bondage photos and films, French arts, high-heels and suspension. All answered. Will travel.

No. 3553F, KANSAS: Married lady, 27, loves tight sensual bondage, all types of corsetting and tight lacing. Leather, rubber, hoods, gags, heels and boots. All things pertaining to the restrained bizarre. Love to correspond, swap pictures and possible meeting. We are sincere and truly want to make new friends. Letter stating and showing bondage interests, phone number and SASE for reply. Please write.

No. 3732C, TULSA: "Quiet, discreet, self-assured, experienced, well-to-do, inflexibly demanding." Does this describe the master of your dreams? An American version of Sir Stephen, with "O", solicits inquiries from other O's, Anne-Marie, Rene and friends to discuss and indulge in painless but thorough training and use of submissives. Novices and curious are welcome, as well as other dominants, both male and female, to trade ideas and slaves. We are not interested in photo exchange or "professional B&D's", only the real thing. It can and does exist here and now.

No. 3764C, TEXAS: Couple, 32 & 29, have exciting interest in bondage for sexual pleasures, no spanking or rough stuff. Desire to meet, correspond with and exchange photos and ideas with those of similar interests. Letters with bondage photo of her will get fastest reply.

No. 3567M, PHILA. AREA: Uninhibited cau. single male desires cau. female bondage enthusiast to assume dominant and/or submissive partnership. any and all related activities welcome. Always the female's pleasure paramount. Photo and phone guarantee reply.

No. 3580M, HOUSTON: Attractive, successful young guy wants to meet or correspond with bright attractive female, dominant and submissive. Enjoy everything especially B&D and water sports. Will answer all.



No. 3706F, WEST GERMANY: (Hamburg) Very attractive, extremely submissive and dominant German girl, 22, would like to hear from girls interested in severe bondage /discipline. Will answer everyone. Photo and descriptive letter a must. No males. Seeks correspondence with ultra-submissive girls who share my fate. See Photo.

No. 3742M, WASHINGTON: Seeking submissive woman up to 40's, enjoy mild bondage, nudity and very mild discipline. Be my helpless slave. Can travel. Write soon.

No. 3752M, WASHINGTON, DC: White male, 48, divorced wishes to correspond with or meet young girls in my area interested in bondage and mild discipline tempered with affection. Wild about boots, bare legs, BUT-TOCKS, and short, short skirts of the Cheerleader type. Would like photos of same. Am not modest and like candid talk. Am a beginner. Discretion assured and expected.

No. 3612M, OREGON: Dominant, possessive single male, 34, interested in meeting submissive females who dig B&D, French, Greek, dildoes, vibes and many other unusual activities with a man who has lots of imagination to use. Detailed letter with photo and phone for prompt reply. Possible permanent relationship for the right one.

No. 3310C, BROOKLYN: Bondage enthusiast couple. Husband dominant, wife very passive, interested in meeting other couples with similar interests for fun and games. Will travel. Photo and phone answered first.



No. 3550F, PENNA: Submissive bi-gal, 28, 36-24-36, would like to exchange S/M photos and 8mm movies.

No. 3643M, NJ: Handsome, mild-mannered dominant young male (business man), 29 years old, wishes to meet submissive young girl with B&D interests. Matrimony a future possibility. Photo please. My photo available on request.



No. 3672F, NY: Reluctant, submissive young girl, very attractive and versatile wants to submit to dominant white females. Severe B&D, humiliation, enemas my fate. Explicit letter of instructions. Photo and phone a must. See Photo.

No. 3571M, NY: Young submissive inexperienced male looking for a dominant female to teach me the fine arts of bondage and discipline. Could go in for mild humiliation and petticoat training. Please write and tell me your ideas. Photo please.



No. 3708C, NY: Couple wants to learn about mild B&D. She is willing to be submissive. We are young and trim, and seeking only other young and trim couples (18-35). Inexperienced couples are OK if sincere and possibly willing to learn with us. We seek contact with surrounding states too. See Photo.

No. 3610C, NO. CALIFORNIA: Attractive couple is searching for other sincere couples and single gals who enjoy the delights of bondage and sexual tormenting. We are interested in meetings. Phone and picture for reply.

No. 3547M, MICHIGAN: Wanted—Ladies from Michigan & Northern Ohio or those who are free to travel for modeling for bondage photographer. No phonies. Photo and phone number a must. All answered. Fee refunded.

No. 3753C, CALIFORNIA: Young couple, she passive, he dominant, have photos and will correspond with those interested in B&D. Photo a must for reply.

No. 3607M, MICHIGAN: Male, 33, 6', 190 lbs. wishes to learn bizarre and exotic life. Will answer all who write. Marriage very possible. Females only.

No. 3359C, ENGLAND: Young intelligent couple, would like to hear from single girls or couples on the subject of bondage. Vast photo collection. Bondage photo of her a must.

No. 3683F, CHICAGO: Attractive, fun-loving Italian lady, 28, 119 lbs, wants good-looking and neat young bi-male and couples for swinging three and four-somes. Enjoy bizarre activities, voyeurism. Send photo.

No. 3674, MASS: Submissive girl, 24, wants single men for weekend fun. Can travel.

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No. 3614C, IOWA: Couple interested in bondage and discipline wants to meet other couples and girls interested in the same.



No. 3774C, NY: Young couple (mid - 30's) both bondage lovers, wish to meet with other couples and females who have a sincere interest in bondage. Dominants and passives please respond. We want to hear from all, and we will also exchange ideas, photos and letters with all. Phone number please.

No. 3726M, COLORADO: Wanted! Modern ladies interested in being bound and gagged for meetings or correspondence. Attractive male 22 is seeking ties in this area. All answered, any age. Dominant or submissive.

No. 3528C, ILLINOIS: Couple that enjoys B&D would like to meet like couple. Interested in lasting relationship. Photo and Phone.

No. 3736C, ATLANTA: Couple, mid-20's wants bi-girl who digs B&D for threesome.

No. 3558F, HOUSTON: Passive female requires training by other females. Willing to submit to sexual humiliation. Husband watches. Can lick problem if trained. Photo and phone.



No. 3675F, OHIO: Fully-equipped young lady desires devotees for fantastic B&D fun and games. Can be either dominant or submissive. Also enjoy TV, leather, and B&D photography and offer my color, true bondage photos to sincere collectors only. Will answer ONLY those who fully describe their B&D interest & enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.



No. 3783F, MINN: Young lady, can be submissive or dominant, enjoy bondage, sexual humiliation, exotic clothing and water sports either way. Would like to correspond and possibly meet other like-minded people. Have mate available. Send photo and SASE. Will answer all. See Photo.

No. 3655F, VICTORIA, CANADA: Young housewife wants to meet male or female who will teach her all the Arts. Will try anything once.

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letters



to the editor

Dear Editor:

I enjoy your publication and consider it to be the most sophisticated of its kind. I hope you will continue to maintain a balance between the bizarre and the "natural look" in your B/D material. Regarding the latter, the pictures on pages 14-15 and 22-23 in Vol. 2, No. 3 were excellent examples of the "natural look."

Regarding the bizarre, I enjoy the drawings by Bishop as well as the photographs of models. How about some pictures dealing with water sports? For example, a bound girl in white boots and gloves being given an e/m by a dominant mistress.

M.C.
Houston, Texas

Dear Barbara:

I would like to join everyone else in congratulating you on the fine magazines you and your staff put out.

As I see that you encourage readers to write in as to what they want. What I would like to see is more women binding, gagging, forcing other women into submissiveness. I would also like to see women being stripped and bound and gagged with their own clothing. There is something really exciting about seeing a woman with her own used panties stuffed in her mouth and tied in place with one of her stockings. This would be a great series of shots. All women should be gagged when they are bound, but there should be less of the ball gags and more scarves and handkerchiefs.

F.G.
New Jersey

Dear F.G.:

OK!
Editor

Dear Editor:

Very rarely do I write "letters to the editor," however, your issue Vol. 2, No. 2 compelled me to send you the following request:

On the back cover of this issue, you had a photo of a girl with her arms bound behind her back with her forearms completely encased in rope. The bondage work was just tremendous, and a shame to only

show the one pose. Therefore, if at all possible could you do a feature photo story on this bondage masterpiece and print more photos? Incidentally, several of my bondage friends agree with me and think that the back cover was worth the price of the publication.

A Pittsburgh Bondage Fan

Dear Fan:

You're on, but a little too late for this issue. Finding a model that can put her elbows together in the back is not an easy thing to do, but occasionally we succeed as you have seen. We will be delighted to show you more of this particular model in HOGTIE issue six or seven.

Thanks for your support!

Sincerely,
Barbara

Dear Editor:

Just a note to tell you how much I enjoy your publications and to suggest an area for continued improvement.

In the recent past, the image of bondage and related games have suffered at the hands of commercialists who are only in it for the money. So like most people who don't understand the genre, they have equated bondage with blood and brutality. Or else they imagine that the mere sight of a loosely draped rope is enough. It's no use writing them they can't change because that's not what they're interested in. And that's what makes them commercialists.

H.O.M. is undeniably commercial. But in three years a staff of real enthusiasts who understand restraint's mystique has completely revolutionized its image.

The photographs and the artwork are clean, straightforward, and thoroughly exciting. Most important, you understand that existing attitudes about S/M are something that should be liberated in the minds of everyone — especially those of us who enjoy it! It's not easy to reach a mature attitude about a sexual difference which is labeled across the board (and erroneously, I think) by the psychiatric profession as a perversion. It's difficult because bondage is a paradox. We become interested in it because we have difficulty in relating to our partners and yet its enjoyment depends on

the harmonious interaction of two individual fantasies.

H.O.M. may be the only publisher in this field who has understood that bondage is an adult activity which can be enjoyed without some childish rationale that many use to cover up their guilt. Showing that Bizarre games can be an honest pleasure is a philosophy that can be explained without the patronizing and dull articles by the likes of "Willis Lamb, M.D." Try essays that are as straightforward as your artwork. I think your readers can handle it.

T.H.

Dear T.H.:

We think our readers can handle it, too. It has taken a lot of thought and more paying attention to our audience than one could ever imagine to bring our publications up to where they are now . . . and we haven't stopped! We want our readers to know that we can handle it too!

Thanks,
Barbara Behr

Dear Barbara:

Within the context of the publication trilogy, Bound to Please, Hogtie and Knotty, a few comments are in order. Some of these comments will reflect personal experience, others will reflect personal opinion. All will reflect personal philosophy.

The initial comment must be applause for the dramatic improvement in Bound to Please, commencing with Vol. 1, No. 5. Applause, too, is in order for the Editorial "Bound and Determined" contained in HOGTIE 2, No. 2. This is as succinct a definition of the parameters of useful bondage as I have encountered. Bondage should be a game enhancing pleasure. Other scenes can lead to extreme pain, permanent injury and slaughter. An increase in awareness, a heightened pleasure, an increase in intimacy; these are the legitimate goals of the game of bondage. Satisfaction can be bittersweet or shattering, both for the dominant and for the dominated. It is important to remember that the game should only be entered by players who are aware of the environment into which they are placing themselves. Imposition of bondage on an unwilling partner is dangerous and potentially lethal. There can be little pleasure when one party is frightened or terrified. The content of the magazines thus far has tended to emphasize rope bondage, with tantalizing hints of the other "toys" available. This is commendable in those cases where imagination and determination are clearly evident. (The rear cover of HOGTIE 2, No. 2 fairly crackles with tension.) It is unfortunate in those cases where knots are half-hearted and sloppy. (Bondage in the model in the photo story "The Phantom and the Bound Beauty," in BTP 1, No. 5 simply is not secure.) It is felt that further examination is in order for some exciting other implements of leather, rubber and steel. The Discipline Helmet has been in evidence in the drawings of the BISHOP and in certain readers' ads. This remarkable device

is as well named as it is remarkably stimulating. It can be worn for prolonged periods, even sleeping. It can be applied as the sole implement of bondage, with the remainder of the body free and available. It can be applied as the final humiliation to a victim tendered otherwise immobile. It can totally deny the senses of speech and hearing while overpowering the sense of smell. This leaves only the sense of touch which, can be magnified intensely. Even a gentle caress, while confined in this device, can produce extreme sexual stimulation. A word of caution is in order concerning an accessory device often used in concert with or part of the design of the Discipline Helmet. Any gag will produce salivation. Since the Discipline Helmet covers the mouth, there is a strong tendency for such saliva to be swallowed. A really severe gag can and will produce choking or retching. There is very real danger of choking or drowning. A severe gag must never be imposed on an individual who is to be left unattended or who will be required to sleep while confined in a Discipline Helmet. For normal (?) wear, the so called "penis"-gag will stimulate an almost reflexive sucking and swallowing action, minimizing saliva accumulation.

Several harnesses have been in evidence in the drawings of The Bishop and notably in the photo story of your reader No. 3030F (Hogtie 2, No. 3). In addition, several crotch straps have been displayed along with head harnesses such as the spectacular cover of HOGTIE 2, No. 2. Then there is the poignant restraint of the neck cuffs shown in "Den of Sweet Misery," Hogtie 2, No. 3. Not yet do we have a photo essay of one model subjected to the total confinement of a full harness. Hanging suspended in full harness is uncommonly stimulating. There is no part of the body, subject to stimulation, which is not available almost instantly.



The Chastity Belt is quietly in evidence, as it should be. With its connotations of love denied it is powerfully suggestive as a bondage implement, but, it should be worn as a covering for panties, leather or other-



wise. Depending on its design, it should deny access only to either one or both of the lower orifices of the body. Not illustrated, but hinted at and described in your text are two exciting and arousing devices, the vagina and/or butt plug. The introduction of these devices into the most private receptacles of the body can produce unbelievable sensations. Further stimulation by a vibrator can truly climb the heights. It is truly remarkable to experience the actions of the exterior lips and interior muscles which, initially seeking to resist and repel the introduction of the plugs, slowly begin to caress them. Within the limits of routine bodily functions, these devices may be imposed for extended periods of time. The senses will not deny their presence.

The Cat Suited, booted, stilt-heeled "Bitch" has been portrayed in all of her awesome glory. Cannot we humble her from time to time and expose her to a round imprisoned in her own devices? At the same time, cannot we find a model to fit the Cat Suit, or a Cat Suit to fit the model? While expensive, the Cat Suit is an overpowering bit of apparel. Depending upon your role, it can make you very strong or very weak. Models with a zippered or laced crotch are recommended. Why? At some point in the bondage game, the victor is entitled to the spoils! What action is more futile, having achieved a desired level of sensation, than to try to divest a form fitting garment to reach the core of the arousal?

The Single Glove has been missing, except for reader's ads. This is a genuine shame since it is a really dramatic and wholly effective bondage device. Properly secured it is quite inescapable. Throughout your confinement, you know it's there. It exerts quite remarkable tension.

Bound to Please, Hogtie and Knotty are remarkable publications, if for no other reason than that they do exist. Recognizing this premise, they are also remarkable for the amazing mix that they have thus far portrayed of bondage hardware, positions, techniques, philosophy and editorial com-

ment. Even so, we can improve. We must insure that bondage depicted is real, credible, restrictive, exciting. We must continue to examine the total field of bondage devices and techniques. We must insure that the ball gag described in the text is not represented as a bar gag in the accompanying photos. We must present alternatives to the novice as well as to the experienced bondage fan. We must promote the game. As a final thought, perhaps potentially more important than those expressed above, we must mine the experiences and thoughts and desires of the readers. Hopefully this letter might stimulate another reader to respond.

There are a few plaudits in this letter. There are a few slams. There are a few suggestions.

Thank you for listening.

H.T.W.
Colorado Springs

Dear H.T.W.:

Letters such as yours make us glad we're in business. Thanks for the plaudits, slams and suggestions. We listen and we learn.

Barbara

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your continuing high quality in Knotty, Bound to Please and Hogtie. Some of your readers have recommended barefoot bondage models. I cast my vote for bondage in boots. I was alarmed to see that one of your readers wanted female domination in these three publications. That is acceptable if the submissive is a female. However, there are other magazines oriented toward male submissiveness and I would hate to see these three subverted. The only suggestion I have is to include more narrative with your photos.

Sincerely,
J.R.
Georgia

Dear Barbara:

Your Milan publications are really great and my wife and I thoroughly enjoy them, especially the photos and drawings of tightly bound, nude subjects. We have read at least one of every type of Milan publication and have finally settled on Hogtie and your Bondage Classics as our favorites. We do have one complaint however and that is your best photos and drawings are of females in bondage. The issues of *Femme Fatale* and *Dominique* which we have read do not have the realistic quality which the other publications have. This may be due to the fact that male models don't like to be as stringently bound as the females and it may be due to some policy on your part; in any event we look for realism and ideas.

My wife is dominant and a real expert at bondage and discipline. She gets particularly inventive and aggressive when we have read and discussed a good article, with photos, of male subjugation. You had a good article in *Bondage Classics* about Hamburg B&D, but we would have enjoyed it more if it had had more illustrations or photos. Bishop's drawings are excellent, but how about a few more of what a wife can do to her husband?



By the way, we have a series of photos, private and not for sale, which is much like the "Never a Dull Moment" series submitted by 3030F for *Hogtie*, Vol. 2, No. 3. The major difference, obviously, is that I, the male, am the submissive slave. We have much of the same equipment and techniques mentioned by 3030F with the addition of some rather special devices designed for a male. These include special cups, just a bit too small in size, which are held in place by wide rubber straps, and some leather harnesses which leave me hanging, totally helpless and completely exposed in a wide variety of positions. Talk about a sexual paradise, normally my limit was twice an evening until my wife took over and found the infinite variety of bondage to arouse me. Now when she sets her

mind to a really extended and provocative session I can make it four times before total exhaustion and aching muscles from the restraints call a halt.

So give us more male bondage and make it as realistic and stringent as you do some of your female subjects. Encourage Bishop to do a well illustrated series, perhaps beginning with one position and progressing through a typical session which every woman might like to try on a man.

I have found that bondage is great fun either as a submissive or as a dominant.

A.I.
California



Dear Editor:

I've really become a fan of your bondage publications. They are without a doubt the best I've ever seen. Because the true bondage fan has gone for so long without good, realistic photos, one can only cry for more! This, in fact, would be my biggest criticism. You don't publish often enough!

Although I realize you can't possibly conform to every enthusiast's wishes for specific details for clothing, gags, etc. I'd at least like to get my vote in for: hands crossed behind the back, elbows and knees tied securely together and stockinged feet tied at the ankles. I feel the girls should be gagged, of course, with cloth rags.

Several pleas have been made for realism. I feel photo sequences of the girls being bound and gagged and others showing their struggles to free themselves (in vain, naturally). Although the position is a consideration, I think some types should be eliminated—e.g. hands tied in front. Setting could be office, bedroom, outside, virtually anywhere, especially if the clothing reflected the scene. I'd like to see all variations of clothing from formal dresses to mini skirts and knee high stockings to nudes.

The main point to remember is to keep publishing!

Thank you,
T.A.E.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear T.A.E.:

Thanks for the note of encouragement. We shall keep printing! You are right—we can't please all of the people all of the time—**BUT WE TRY!**

Sincerely,
Barbara

Dear Barbara:

I thoroughly enjoy your publication which my husband buys regularly. We recently got together with a small circle of friends and formed a bondage and discipline club which we call "Regulars." We converted our garage into a "punishment parlor" and equipped it with all manner of bondage paraphernalia. My husband invented a device called the Pony Girl Mobile and built four of them. Needless to say, I piloted the first P.G.M. and I still have the boiler burns to prove it!

We are maintaining a growing album of bondage and discipline photographs but we do not wish to distribute copies of the pictures. (They are just TOO frank and compromising.) For instance, one of the boys' favorite games is "Lazy Srew-San." A girl is bound nude to a revolving round table. Her rump and face is elevated, with



her bent legs spread wide. Two boys sit on either side of the table. After they have satisfied themselves—one in her mouth and the other in her behind—the table is turned and they do it again! Now, after six guys have you twice . . . well, you're a little disheveled!

Keep up the good work with your mags.

Gloria
Oklahoma

Dear Gloria:

Good! We are really happy to see bondage devotees getting together for a good time! Let us know as new things develop. I am sure everyone will profit by your new ideas!



A PRACTICAL GAG

ONLY IN RARE INSTANCES WILL EROTIC BONDAGE BE COMPLETE WITHOUT THE APPLICATION OF A SECURE, FUNCTIONAL GAG. THIS ARTICLE DESCRIBES A NUMBER OF THE MORE POPULAR TYPES OF GAG AND COMMENTS ON THE VARYING DEGREE OF EFFECTIVENESS WITH EACH TYPE!

A wise man once said, "The only way to keep a woman quiet is to keep her gagged at all times." The time of confinement suggested may be a bit extreme, but the idea is most certainly inviting. Actually, gags are a very important part of B&D. In other words, a "gag" is hardly a practical joke. For the most part gags are used to add to the feeling of helplessness while the victim is otherwise restrained. Since the bondage used is real and secure, it follows that the gag used should also be secure and effective.

The loose pieces of cloth tied about the mouth (as is most often seen in movies and photos) are fine for props but, let's face it, they don't do a thing as far as insuring quiet or providing any feeling of helplessness.

The best that can be expected of any gag is to make intelligible speech impossible and either muffle or stop any loud noises. To achieve this, something must first be put into the mouth; then something else must be used to cover the stuffing so the victim can't force it out with her tongue. The stuffing in the mouth can be almost anything: a handkerchief, a rubber ball, a pair of panties, a sponge, a wad of cotton, etc.

The choice of the external part of the gag is equally as free. The method of applying this part is the most important factor.



Illustration I -- Improper Cloth Gag

Illustration I, on this page, shows an improperly applied cloth gag. The victim's mouth is stuffed with a pair of panties, which is good, but the cloth strung between her teeth and tied at the back of her head is much too loose. In less than a minute she could push out the panties with her tongue and the cloth could be maneuvered down to her chin. Illustration II shows the same gag, but here the cloth is tied tightly. Now she would have a much more difficult time getting the panties out and she could never get the cloth off without help. Even with the panties out, the tightness of the cloth between her teeth would make her speech quite jumbled and she wouldn't be able to scream too loudly.



Illustration II -- Proper Application

The same rules apply to the common ball-gag. If not fastened tightly enough the victim can work the ball out of her mouth and then she is left with no gag at all. Illustration III shows a ball-gag properly applied.

We have all seen various things tied over the mouth as gags. Almost nothing that is put over the mouth exclusively can actually stop noise. About the only thing that may be accomplished is muffled speech. This also applies to tape stuck over the mouth, no matter how tightly. These over-the-mouth gags will work for a while if the mouth is stuffed with something first.

A single piece of tape stuck over even a stuffed mouth can be worked off quite easily and will allow the victim to push



Illustration III -- Ball Gag

out the stuffing with her tongue. A much more functional use of tape is exemplified in Illustration IV. Here a single piece is stuck over the mouth and well back on the cheeks; then two more pieces are applied over the first, forming an "X." Then, if the tape is stuck high up on the cheeks and well under the chin, it will stay on for quite a while, being extremely difficult to remove without the use of hands. Of course, if the face is wet where the tape is put on, the tape won't stick well at all.



Illustration IV -- Tape Gag

It should be mentioned that tape wrapped completely around, from the mouth to the back of the head, is very effective if applied tightly. However, this method has one major draw-back: it is often quite painful when removed because the tape tends to stick to the short hair at the back of the neck. This problem can be overcome if the tape is put over a long wig or a piece of cloth. Also, an elastic bandage can be used in much the same way as the tape and often works just as well if it is applied over a cloth tied between the teeth or stuffed into the mouth. This will cause fewer problems when it is removed. As shown in Illustration V, the elastic was applied over a stocking pulled between the teeth and tied tightly at the back of the victim's head.

There are many variations and combinations on the basic ideas presented, using generally available materials. Unfortunately, most of these gags, if put on tightly enough to be effective, are often uncomfortable for the victim to wear for any length of time.

For the purist, or dedicated practitioner, there are quite a few serious gags available commercially. For the most part these professionally produced gags can be worn with some degree of comfort for long periods. Most of these



Illustration V -- Elastic Gag

are leather or rubber or some combination of the two.



Illustration VI - Harness Type

One such gag was already mentioned: the ball strap, which is shown in Illustration III. This is usually just a rubber ball with a leather strap strung through the center, and a buckle at one end of the strap, but it also comes in a variety of head harness straps that hold the ball in the mouth more securely. The ball-types are effective if fastened tightly enough and, if the ball is not too large, are usually comfortable enough to wear for long periods. Other types of specially made gags have wide interior mouth pieces of rubber or leather and wide comfortable exterior straps similar to those on a harness. Without the mouth-piece this type will only muffle sound unless it includes a strap that goes under the chin to the top of the head to hold the jaws tightly closed. One such harness type gag is shown in Illustration VI.

Another gag which is often grouped with the harness type is the mouth bit. The straight bit is generally not too effective as a gag unless it is held extremely tight, which in turn renders it very painful. An extremely effective silencer can be constructed by simply adding a soft rubber ball to the center of the bit.

I am sure many of you are bursting with innovative ideas for gags and other bondage equipment. Let us hear about them. We'd love to pass your ideas along to the readers in future issues of HOGTIE.

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER



*Oh, Master, pleasure hear my complaint:
All day I've done everything right,
But I think I will faint
From lack of restraint - -
Please put me in bondage tonight!*

*So pull the ropes tighter, M'Lord,
Make sure that I cannot escape;
Use lots of strong cord,
As I have implored,
And gag me with surgical tape.*



*And then, when I'm helplessly bound,
You can tease me until I'm on fire;
I won't make a sound,
But I'll come all unwound
As your hands drive my passions still higher.*





*The more my nude body's displayed
And restrained in positions bizarre.
The better I'm laid,
For you will have made
Me a happier slave girl by far!*

"Nob"





"It is always more exciting to me if there is that element of verbal and physical activity going on. It is almost a toss-up with Ralph and I when we start as to who is going to be dominant. He has a habit of winning which really turns me on. I don't want to 'play' with anyone that isn't strong enough to shut my sassy little mouth up — and it can be very sassy. Tonight I couldn't resist calling him a filthy pig for coming into my apartment dripping wet from the storm. You can see that he isn't having any trouble thinking of ways to get even with me. Naturally I fight back, turning, twisting as much as I can, grabbing his hair whenever my hands are free. It is all part of the game, exciting his virility, raising the level of passion — him proving he is the aggressor and I the passive captive even if he has to force it!"

"Like tonight, there he was all wet, carrying a box under his arm. Of course, he ignored my nasty little remark and just came back with, "Are you ready for this sexy number?" pulling a black nightie out of the box.

"See if you can make me wear it," I replied sharply. I was hot as hell that he came in dripping like that. Before I knew what happened, I was pushed through the living room, into the bedroom and physically thrown on the bed. I tried kicking him several times but he was too fast for me. As usual, Ralph is too agile and strong for me but I enjoy the fight anyway."

TO TURN ON A BITCH

"I've never been able to help the way I feel about sex. I've always had this incredible need to be dominated, to be forced to give myself to a man. Not that I don't enjoy it — I do, almost every aspect of it. I think I've done — and loved — just about everything a man and a woman can do together. But it always comes back to this fantasy I have, about wanting to be helpless, to be victimized and ravaged."

"To make things even more complicated, I learned how to be a real mean bitch at a very early age. In my every day life I continually put men down. I put them down exactly the same way I wish they were doing it to me — cruel and without mercy! Very few of them catch on, but when one does - WOW - it makes everything worth it. When asked to do this series for HOGTIE, I picked the one man that knows how to handle me. But notice in the photos, I bitch and complain until he makes his choice of how to handle it — and he already knows that the only way to shut me up is with a big juicy ball-gag!"







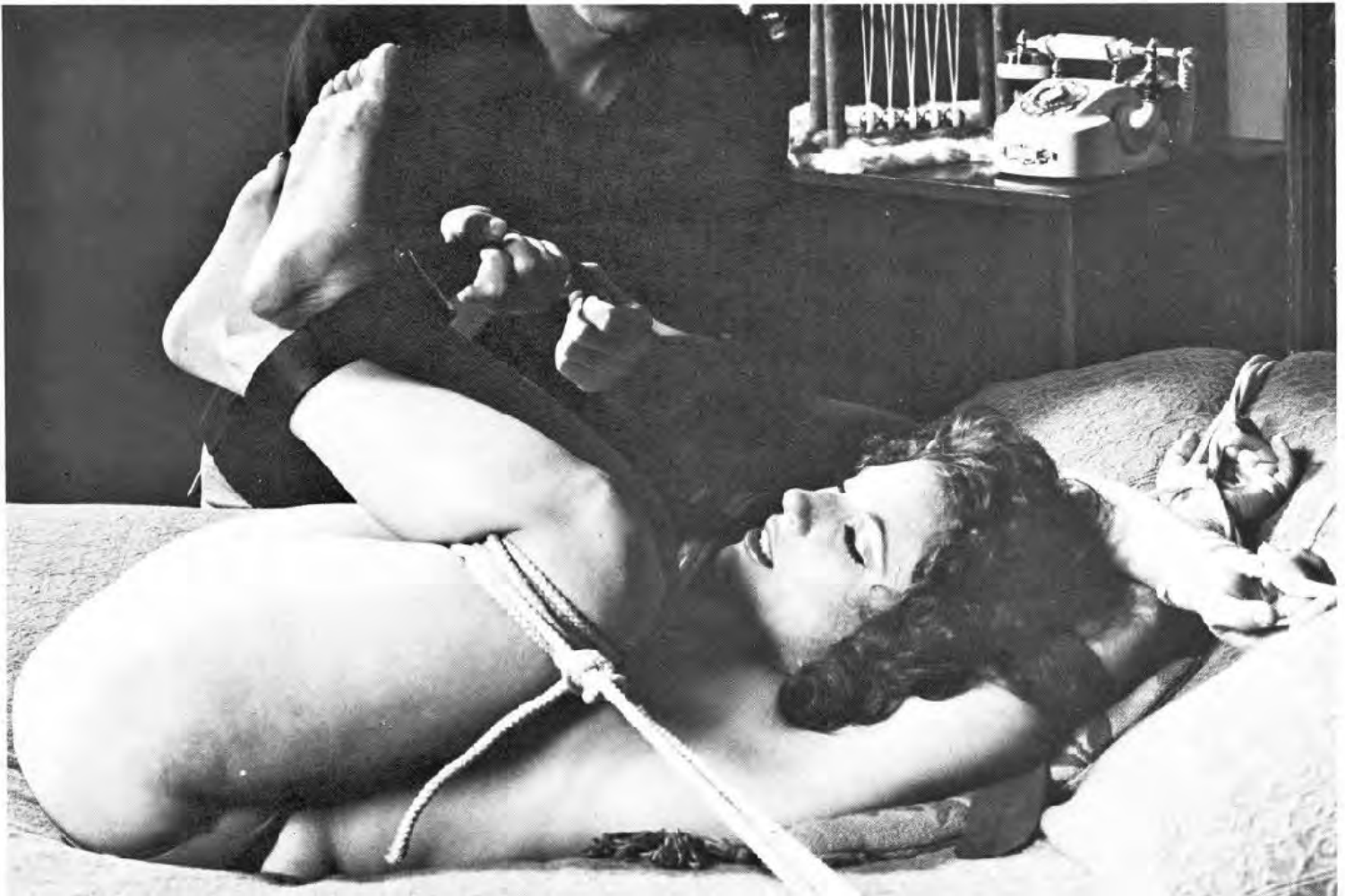


Quickly he was on top of me blocking my futile blows. I am no match for him but I continue until I am absolutely exhausted and positive I can't swing my arm one more time. Then he knows what to do.

First, he pulled my exhausted body into a sitting position while holding my arms above my head. He deftly slid his belt over my arms and pulled them in tightly. Next he wound a rope around my right arm and pulled it behind my head, fastening the end to the left side of the bed. I lay there catching my breath as he did the same thing to my left arm. There was no getting away from this position. He finished it by tying each leg out and my ankles together. "How does this feel on your breasts?" Ralph teased. What a question. It was driving me wild. He was slowly moving a feather boa over my exposed breasts!



I wanted to scream. Finally he pulled my knees apart and began to nibble at my breasts. His tongue flicking at my passion. I didn't think I could get much hotter, but he proved me wrong. I had a moment's reprieve when he walked across the room to the box he brought. What else did he have for me?





As he turned around with a fist full of ropes, I caught that gleam in his eyes that told me he thought of a good way to get even! He pulled my tightly bound feet into the air and started running the rope first through the strap that held them together and then up around my neck, forcing my knees down into my breasts. "You bastard!" I screamed while I could because I knew what his finishing touch would be -- a nice gag to silence me once and for all. What a build-up for a GREAT end!





